

**The Evening World**  
Published by the Press Publishing Company.  
MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 10.  
SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD  
(Including Postage):  
PER MONTH.....\$3.50  
PER YEAR.....\$35.00  
Vol. 32.....No. 10,947  
The Evening World Print Association Press News.

**AGAIN, THE WEATHER.**  
The weather, at any rate, is safe from the backbiters. Whatever talking is done about it must be done to its face. This observation applies equally in all seasons. It borrows additional force to-day from the fact that the weather is so hot as to be actually visible, not to say tangible.

All over the city and the bay and the rivers there gathered early this morning a sort of quivering semi-breeze which increased in density as the forenoon wore on. This demonstration of the day's torridity was brought about of course by the presence of old Sol's most dangerous ally, facelicious fog, to the world as General Humidity.

The present hot spell is another and rather successful effort at record-breaking, and when it is over probably what old high mercury marks were left after previous attacks of this year's Spring and Summer will have been changed. As to getting along with the spell, why, there's only one thing for sweetening humanity to do. THE EVENING WORLD has mentioned this thing before. It now repeats the advice. Keep as cool as you can, in all sensible ways, without getting into a mental strain because of the seemingly inevitable physical sweat.

Also, avoid making yourself a tank for the reception of untold quantities of all-gled cooling drinks.

It was a bad Sunday for the three-year-old. One little tot was lost from New York, one was found drowned in the Narrows and one is missing from an uptown tenement. In whose heart is there not the hope that the lost may be found alive and well? The world and its homes have uses for the little ones.

Serious charges are made this morning against Capt. Broome. It is stated that the man who is the lowest character openly flourish in Wooster street, and that passers-by are shocked and annoyed by their inmates. How is it, Inspector STEWART?

A Pennsylvania minister is in a dilemma. His salary as preacher is \$1,000, and a baseball club offers him \$1,400 as pitcher. There is no good reason why he should not do both. Pitch week days and preach on Sundays.

Many of the recent murders are traceable to married women who have encouraged attentions of men, and who know that if found out, tragedy would follow. They afterwards realized, perhaps, that it was not worth while.

Chief McKean's new vocation of Sunday-school teacher must have hurt his reputation as a terror to Coney Island wrong-doers. Last night a man was "held up" and robbed directly in front of the police station.

Here is a warning to misses who flirt. A Brooklyn girl made a street acquaintance with two nice young men. They turned out to be burglars, and she is arrested on suspicion of being an accomplice.

Mr. INGLETON was a great disappointment to the Georgians. They expected something more fiery. Where was your adaptability, Senator?

Come, Mr. GILROY, you have authority over New York's streets. Now, use it and make the railroad companies respect the people's comfort.

Now they are discovering caves in Ohio. It is a little early. After election the defeated men might hunt for holes in the ground.

MARY ANDERSON will not please her enemies by writing a book. She was always thoughtful.

Philadelphia is to have a Naval Reserve also. It will be detailed to man the Quaker guns.

**SUFFERING TOTS.**  
You Can Relieve Them by Contributing to the Fund.  
The Hot Weather Brings Them Sickness and Misery.  
THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.  
Previously acknowledged.....\$5,361.48  
D. C. .... 20.00  
Children's Fair, Jersey City..... 15.00  
Little Gleasons..... 15.00  
Addie Stanton..... 1.00  
Flora..... 1.00  
Rose Ribbons..... 1.00  
Bookkeeper..... 1.00  
Arlington Entertainment..... 0.50  
G. W. W..... 0.50  
Baby Alice Mothers..... 0.50  
M. D. .... 0.25  
A. M. J. .... 0.25  
Lottie..... 1.00  
Kingland..... 1.00  
Hunter, N. Y..... 0.50

All contributions sent to "The Evening World" office for the Sick Baby Fund should be directed to Cashier, New York "World," Pulitzer Building.

Any one whose contribution to the Sick Baby Fund is not acknowledged in these columns will confer a favor by notifying the Editor of "The Evening World."

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**THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.**  
Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Black chip hats are prettily decorated with black feathers in the back, six in number, with a band of pink and black velvet around the crown held by a jet buckle in front.

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**SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.**  
The Woman Who Was Looking for a Lover.  
Just outside the Delaware and Lackawanna Depot, Hoboken, I met a woman about forty years of age, who seemed to be carefully scrutinizing the face of everybody coming down to the ferry-house. She was very plainly dressed, and it didn't take much figuring to decide that she lived out of town and had walked several miles through the mud. We drew closer together after a bit, and when she found I had been hanging around there for an hour previous to her appearance she said:

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, I'm looking for my man. Enos, I think he headed this way, and maybe he's already crossed over."

"What sort of a man?"

"He's what they called a sawed-off man, not as tall as me into a head. He's got blue eyes, yellowish hair, and freckles clean back to his ears. You'd know it was Enos ten rods off. If you didn't you'd know it as soon as he got up to you, for he'd ask you for a chew of tobacco and begin to complain about me. If you give two minutes of your valuable time he'd tell you that I made him the most miserable man in New Jersey."

"I don't think I've seen any such man pass this way. Has he left home?"

"Yes, left about daylight this morning. Got up and built a fire and put the kettle on and then skipped. I couldn't believe it for more than an hour, for we've been married seventeen years, and he's threatened to go about every other day during all that time. I found his tracks in the road, however, and I met a milkman who saw him running with his hat in his hand, and I guess he finally worked himself up to it."

She filled a clay pipe with tobacco, asked me for a match, and as she puffed away I said:

"It seems as if Enos and you didn't live happily."

"No, we don't, and it's all his fault. There isn't a woman in New Jersey who could live happily with Enos. I've broken a hundred broomsticks over his head, but he's never to-day than he was the day I married him."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"I suppose it's what they call want of congeniality. I'm congenial, but Enos isn't. He's just like all other one-ones, saved-off men—got his nose stuck up all the time about something, and always whining and finding fault. You never saw such a man to dispute, and he's too lazy to fall out of bed."

"But you are not happy to get rid of him?"

"Well, you see how it is. I don't want to live there alone and I don't want folks walking around and saying I'm a grass widow and all that. Besides, I'm kinder sorry for Enos. He ain't altogether too blame for being so pined man. He's all having bills, or stopping on tracks, or shaking with the ager, and if he gets ahead some feller comes along with a patent and skins him out of it. And Enos ain't more'n half baked when you come right down to it. He don't know 'nuff to turn a grindstone unless you holler at him."

I was thinking of something to say to console her, when she suddenly uttered a yell and jumped past me. Enos had been hiding around somewhere, probably expecting to be followed, but had come out to see if the coast was clear. It wasn't.

He had walked almost up to her, and as I turned she had both hands on his collar. Enos didn't have time to even yell out. She lifted him up, gave him a twist and a shake, and as his feet touched the ground again she said:

"Enos, you can't beat Matilda if we live together a hundred years longer! Now you come along without a word or I'll make you see stars and earthquakes and hurricanes by the million!"

Enos looked at me appealingly, but I couldn't help him. The whole State of New Jersey wouldn't have saved his bacon.

She Hated to Trouble Him.  
[From Park.]

**THE CLEANER.**  
Passing through Warren street, the other day I saw in Turk's window Gulliver in Japanese. There was the whole story illustrated. The big stranger bound to the ground with threads, the Lilliputians about him with all their implements and engines of war, everything activity and bustle. But something was queer about it. Gulliver was caped, seated as a giant ape and his captors as little apes. It is known that the Japanese trace the descent of man from the ape, but why they represent Gulliver as such is a mystery. Perhaps Swift wrote his story from an old Japanese legend.

Of course Mrs. James Brown Potter has not married Mr. Curly Bellow, for she says so; but that does not prevent the circulation of stories that she has. Miss Kinnaird, a former member of her company, insists that the wedding took place in Australia. Miss Kinnaird, however, has a grievance. She played Juliet (Mrs. Potter's mother, and claims that she did it so well that a newspaper said "that had Romeo fallen in love with his mother-in-law he would have played better taste than in throwing himself away on Juliet." She asserts, caused Mrs. Potter to discharge her.

William Winter, I hear, has been elected President of the Board of Trustees of the Staten Island Academy and Latin School. The institution will be helped by this acquisition.

Having met and talked with Mr. Jerry Simpson, I can believe the following story without stretching my conscience. It is told by the St. Joe Herald: "The other day Simpson, in one of his speeches, while visiting Daniel Webster, referred, in complimentary terms, to his dictionary. A friend on the stage pulled Simpson's coat tail and whispered: 'Noah was the man who made the dictionary.' Simpson gave his friend a scornful look and whispered back: 'Noah built the ark,' and went on with his oration."

Although Daniel Dougherty has become a New Yorker, he cannot give up his Philadelphia friends. He spends the summer down on the Jersey coast at one of the popular Quaker city settlements which are so numerous in that locality.

While walking with a friend recently I noticed that he went out of his way to avoid stepping on one of those marble flagstones which are laid down in front of the shops, bearing his name and business. "Bad luck, sure, to step on one of those stones," was his answer to my query.

Although the traces of the recent disastrous fire at Seabright are fast disappearing, they have not yet been entirely obliterated by any means. I noticed the other day that a large portion of the blackened ruins was covered with an aggregation of little trees, which are the homes of the burned-out fishermen. Only a few of the stores have been replaced, and these only with the flimsiest kind of board structures.

There is an interesting story behind the recent mortgaging of the Sixth Street Baptist Church. For ten years the Rev. Daniel C. Potter, its pastor, had not received salary. He found it hard to get along without pay, and at a recent meeting of the trustees it was decided that a mortgage on the church property should be given to him for \$20,000, the amount due.

The Coleman House's book purveyor young Mr. Alexander, had an interesting experience the other day. Bunches had been a little less than usual, and he was wandering about the lobby, deep in meditation. As he approached his bookstand he saw, coiled nestling upon the floor, a brand-new two-dollar bill. He picked it up. Nobody claimed it. He resolved instantly to put it into circulation. To purchase an eighty-cent box of candy for his wife and to treat some adjacent boys occupied but little time. Mr. Alexander felt decidedly better. Just before he started home he counted up his money and discovered that the two-dollar bill which had rendered him so festive had merely fallen from his own drawer. Tableau.

**A Musical Note.**  
[From Park.]

John Gleason, of 244 West Thirty-fifth street, was overcome and removed to his home, where he soon after died. He was twenty-two years old.

A woman, whose name is unknown, was overcome on the day at Ninety-sixth street and Second avenue. She was picked up unconscious and taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. She is about twenty-five years old, has dark hair and eyes, and is 5 feet 5 inches in height. She wore a white linen waist with blue dots, a brown skirt and a black lace hat.

She was overcome in front of a second avenue. She was picked up unconscious and taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. She is about twenty-five years old, has dark hair and eyes, and is 5 feet 5 inches in height. She wore a white linen waist with blue dots, a brown skirt and a black lace hat.

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**VICTIMS OF HEAT.**  
(Continued from First Page.)  
degrees, and Observer Dunn said that the highest point for to-day would not be more than 92 degrees.



DRAMA OF A VICTIM.  
This is two degrees lower than on June 15, the hottest day of the season, but the presence of 83 per cent. of humidity in the atmosphere and the fact that the three-knot movement of the air from the south offered no relief to overheated and humidity-saturated New York, saved to make the day the most oppressive of the year.

THE LITTLE VICTIM.  
The little victim clerk suffered at the suggestion of heat. Said he:

"We have had a remarkably cool and pleasant summer. Only three days before Aug. 8 that you might call hot at all. June 15, 16 and 17 we had 94, 93 and 92 degrees of heat respectively, and that's all the warm weather we've had."

"It has been the coolest summer east of the Rocky Mountains that we have had in twenty years, the age of the signal service."

"We may get small showers in New York to-night, but to-morrow will be clear and warmer than to-day. This weather extends all over the country east of the Mississippi, and at a distance this morning, while we had 78 degrees of heat, the register was from 72 to 78 in every city this side of the Father of Waters. West of the Mississippi and over the upper lakes it is 15 or 20 degrees cooler, while here are having a perfect deluge of rain in the Canadas over the lower lakes. Telegraph wires are all down and our reports are coming from Canadian signal stations by some round-about way that brings them to us two or three hours late. We shall have cooler weather the latter end of the week," concluded the weather sharp, reassuringly.

THE HOTTEST AUGUST 10 IN THE HISTORY OF THE WEATHER BUREAU was that of 1880, when the highest temperature was 87. In 1875 New York had 80 degrees, and last year we got 84. The hottest August days were the 13th, in 1881, and the 10th, in 1888, when New York had 90 degrees on each occasion.

Thus it will be seen that Aug. 10, 1891, has never been equaled in heat by August days but twice in twenty years.

The effect of the heat has been to drive out of every one who could get away, and the steamboats to Coney Island, Long Branch, Glen Island, Rockaway and other summer resorts have been thronged with people, while very train has carried away parties of picnicers and others fleeing from the heat.

The earliest people seen in New York this morning were the 300 members of the James E. Reley Pleasure Club, market men and fruit dealers about Washington Market bound for College Point.

The unhappiest men were those market-men who were out of the market. The men were uniformed consisting of a pair of trousers, light trousers, red belts and tourists cork helmets.

Cheviot suits were the order in Wall street and coats were conspicuous for their absence on the exchanges all day, and it was the general opinion that Phillips was the most insufferable day of the season.

A FEW OF THE VICTIMS.  
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**DIED OF HIS WOUND.**  
Saloon-Keeper Dulko Breathes His Last in Bellevue.  
Policeman Foster, Who Shot Him, Placed Under Arrest.

Saloon-keeper Michael Dulko, who was shot in his beer saloon, at 244 Second street, last night by Policeman John Foster, of the Union Market squad, died early this morning at Bellevue Hospital.

The bullet penetrated Dulko's abdomen, and laparotomy was performed in the attempt to save his life. It was unsuccessful, and the wounded man breathed his last at 7:40 o'clock.

Policeman Foster is now under arrest, charged with causing Dulko's death. Whether the officer was justified in using his pistol on this occasion remains to be shown.

Foster went to Dulko's saloon about 9 o'clock last evening. He was in citizen's clothes, and had been detailed by Capt. Schultz to look out for violations of the Excise law.

Dulko was well-known in the precinct as a persistent law-breaker, and he had been arrested on the same charge. He was a big, burly Bohemian, and weighed about 240 pounds.

Officer Foster is rather slightly built and short, but has a reputation for guts and determination. He was not known to Dulko. Before he went into the saloon he picked up Morris Jacobs, of 141 Ridge street, whom he met outside, and they went in together. Jacobs, it is said, was an acquaintance of Dulko.

The policeman ordered two glasses of beer, and he and Jacobs drank them, the officer receiving 15 cents in change for the quarter which he paid Dulko.

Then he threw back his coat, showed his shield and told Dulko that he was under arrest, and must go with him to the station. The latter, who had been drinking considerably, was violently enraged when he saw that he had been caught.

He ran from behind the bar and made for Jacobs. Pointing to a deep scar across his nose he cried out:

"Let me see that! I'll give you one just like it!"

With that he fell upon Jacobs, knocked him down and kicked him over the floor of the saloon.

There were two men in the saloon besides Dulko and his wife, the policeman and Jacobs. Foster says that when he intended to save Jacobs, Dulko hit him with a beer glass, and the former clutched him in the groin and shoved him towards the door.

"Let me see that!" he yelled, "or I'll sever the same!"

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"Let me see that!" he yelled, "or I'll sever the same!"

**WALL ST. STOCK REPORTS.**  
Lower Prices the Rule During the Early Trading.  
Union Pacific and Chicago Gas Suffer the Most.

Lower prices prevailed for the leading stocks during the early trading on the Stock Exchange this morning. Union Pacific, Quincy, Atchison, Louisville & Nashville and Northern Pacific preferred declined 1/4 to 1/2.

Union Pacific scored the greatest loss, falling to 39 1/2 on reports that the June earnings of the company would show a loss of \$500,000. Later on the market improved slightly and the price rose to 40 1/2. At the close the stock was 39 1/2.

Chicago Gas was forced down to 42 1/2. It is now definitely known that certain of the Standard Oil companies are interested in the gas business to such an extent that they will acquire a controlling interest in the Chicago Gas Company.

The oil excitement has petered out, and pipe line certificates are being offered at 95, against 70 on Saturday. At the Consolidated Exchange the price has dropped to 95. Silver certificates were weaker, falling from 100 to 99 1/2.

The bears made a sharp attack on Union Pacific stock late in the day and forced the price down to 39 1/2. The market was very little impression on the general market, which ruled comparatively firm.

The Treasury Department yesterday purchased 600,000 ounces of silver at 100.20 a 1000. The offerings of 500,000 ounces of silver from the Treasury yesterday brought 500,000 Mexican silver dollars.

The sales at the New York Stock Exchange were 126,300 shares of listed stocks and 72,000 ounces of silver.

**The Closing Quotations.**

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